

Slasher Date

by

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FADE IN:

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

VICTORIA, dressed for a night on the town, curls up on her couch, laptop resting before her.

She taps away as she looks at the chat session unfold on her screen.

ON SCREEN:

GYMRAT: When can I cum over?

VICTORIA69: I've got a date tonight.

GYMRAT: With me?

VICTORIA69: Only if your name is Jason, and you know my friend Lindsay.

GYMRAT: My name isn't Jason. Although I do have a hockey mask.

Victoria jumps as there's a rapid fire knock on the door.

She slides the laptop aside, glances at the time on a digital clock, and walks cautiously towards the door.

She looks through the eyehole, and sees an OVERWEIGHT MAN wearing thick glasses. He's dressed up in a shabby suit. Holding a bouquet of the cheapest flowers a guy could buy.

Victoria unlocks the handle, and opens the door a crack.

VICTORIA  
Can I help you?

JASON  
Are you Victoria?

VICTORIA  
Who's asking?

JASON  
Your date for the evening.  
Lindsay's friend.

VICTORIA  
You're here pretty early.

JASON

I happened to be in the neighborhood.

VICTORIA

You don't look like the guy in the picture.

JASON

She probably showed you the picture of me and her from twenty years ago. I think it's the only one she has of me.

Victoria closes the door.

Shakes her head in disbelief.

Then quickly opens the door back up.

VICTORIA

Did you get my message?

JASON

Message?

VICTORIA

I can't go. I'm really sick.

Victoria pathetically tries to fake cough.

Jason actually has a look of concern on his face despite Victoria's bad acting.

JASON

Sorry to hear that. Is there anything I can do for you?

VICTORIA

Just need a lot of rest.

JASON

Maybe we could reschedule.

VICTORIA

I'll call when I'm better.

Victoria shuts the door, throws the lock, and walks back to the comfort of her couch and computer.

Her fingers light up the keyboard.

ON SCREEN:

VICTORIA69: I'm back. I hate when they don't look like their picture.

GYMRAT: The picture I sent you is me from last month.

VICTORIA69: If you look half that good in person I'll be a happy girl.

GYMRAT: When can I see a picture of you mystery girl?

VICTORIA69: I'll send one right now.

Victoria opens a folder on her desktop. Browses through the photos of her back when she was in her 20s.

Before she makes her choice, a solid knock comes from the other side of the front door.

ON SCREEN:

VICTORIA69: That creep is back again.

GYMRAT: Maybe it's me.

VICTORIA69: I wish. Hold on, let me get rid of this guy.

Victoria slides the computer to the side, bolts up, and walks quickly to the door as it explodes with another round of knocking.

She looks through the keyhole, and sees Jason's eye pressed up against it.

She throws open the door.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
Can't you get it through your  
head...

Victoria's sentence trails off as she sees that Jason's head isn't attached to a body.

It's being held by a MASKED FIGURE.

The Masked Figure swings the head, and smashes her face first.

She falls down. Dazed, she crawls towards her couch.

She does a caterpillar crawl closer and closer to her phone and computer.

Behind her, the Masked Figure closes the door, and glides gracefully towards her.

Jason's head is being carried like a bowling ball.

Victoria reaches up, pushes the h and e keys, but gets pulled to the ground before she can hit the l key.

The Masked Figure gets on top of her in a full mount position. He raises Jason's head up, and smashes it down at her face.

Again and again and again until both faces are equally mashed up.

The Masked Figure rises up, admiring his work.

He looks over at the computer screen.

A new instant message pops up.

ON SCREEN:

GYMRAT: Can you send me a recent pic?

The Masked Figure picks up Victoria's cell phone, and snaps a picture of what's left of her face.

THE END